

FAMOUS STAR OF THE HOPALONG CASSIDY MOVIES

Bill Boyd

WESTERN

A Fawcett Publication



JUNE

10¢

NO. 3



IN THIS
ISSUE:

DESTINATION...
DANGER!





BILL BOYD WESTERN •

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Bill Boyd in DESTINATION... DANGER

Exploring new frontiers in the west called for a
raw courage, a stout heart and above all, a ready
gun! Death threatened from every side -- Indians,
bandits, and the elements! When Bill Boyd volunteers
to lead a group of homeless frontiersmen on a trek
into new territory, he finds their destination is
DANGER, BLAZING SIX-GUNS, and a FIGHT FOR LIFE!

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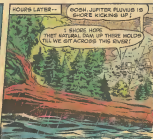




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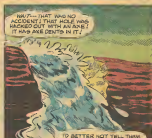














THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED THE FIRES! FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



WE WON'T NEED ANY DRINKING WATER, BOYD! WE FOUND PLENTY LEFT IN THE WAGONS!

SOBBI, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE WATER!



I GUESS WE CAN START PITCHING CAMP RIGHT HERE! IT'S AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY!

I REMEMBER YOU'RE RIGHT!



WE CAN START PACKING UP THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

OH SURE, SURE, SURE! TEN BIT TEN THE NEW TERRITORY!



SHORTLY AFTER---
ACCORDING TO THE MAP THE GOVERNOR SHOWED WE WERE NOT FAR FROM INDIAN TERRITORY! I SUGGEST WE TAKE TENS OF THOUSANDS GUARDS!

YUH, THINK OF JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, BOYD!



I'LL STAND GUARD FOR THE FIRST HOUR!

I'LL TAKE THE SECOND!

THEN I'LL TAKE MY TURN NEXT!



A HALF HOUR LATER---

IT'S SO QUIET HERE, I COULD HEAR A PIN DROP!



SOON SOMETHING DROPP, BUT NO BE PE---



I WAS RIGHT! THOSE TWO INDIANS
DON'T COME ALONE! WELL, WE'LL
MAKE THEM SORRY THEY EVER
HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION! TAKE
YOUR POSITIONS, MEN!



NO TAKE BY SURPRISE!
THEY READY FOR US!



IF IT WEREN'T
FOR YUH, BOYD, THEY
WOULDBE HANDED
EVERY LAST ONE OF
US!



I THINK WE'VE GOT
THEM ON THE RUN! WE
OUT-SURPRISED THEM!



WE GO BACK NOW--BUT
RETURN LATER!



QUICK---
RUN!



LOOK AT 'EM
RUN! WHAT
SAY WE GO
AFTER THEM?

WE CAME HERE
TO OPEN NEW
TERRITORY--NOT
TO CHASE
INDIANS!

















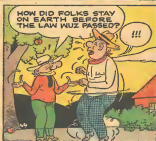


BILL BOYD WESTERN





GRAVITY SITUATION



BILL BOYD WESTERN

THE BLACK BANDANA

By R. R. Symes

THREE men rode by. They were astride fancily tooled Mexican leather saddles with silver decorations. Their boots and all their apparel appeared new and shiny. Their mounts were sleek, well-fed, and obviously expensive.

Beaver Jones eyed them, then looked down at his own patched, faded levis, his cactus scraped boots. "Look at them and then look at me. Know what the difference is?"

Beaver's companion said, "Huh?"

"I'm an honest man, that's the difference!"

Beaver spit savagely into the dust. "Those hombres can spend more greenbacks in a day than I make in a whole month. You know who they are? They're members of the Black Bandana's outfit, that's who. The Black Bandana takes care of his boys. They're all rich!"

"Yup! And they'll all wind up dancing at the end of a rope," asserted Monty Montana.

"Maybe so, maybe no," growled Beaver. "Leastwise their necks haven't felt anything but silk so far. And they're not likely to starve to death. By jupiter, for two nuggets of fools' gold, I'd go and join up with the Black Bandana!"

"You wouldn't!" exclaimed Monty Montana, alarmed.

"Yes I would, and I've got a dang good notion to," declared Beaver. "What's the use of being honest if the outlaws get all the gravy? I'm tired of being poor!"

Monty was a mite worried. He knew his buddy, Beaver Jones, was a basically honest fellow. But he knew, too, that sometimes the very best cow waddies were tempted to turn from the path of righteous and get their cash the easy way.

"I've got to figger out some way to keep him from doing anything foolish," mused Monty to himself. "He sounds plumb discouraged and that's not good at all!"

The Black Bandana was an outlaw who had had quite a streak of success. After a small start he had built up a large band of renegades who might sweep down on a town, train or stagecoach without warning, guns blazing and death to anyone who tried to interfere. Some members of his outfit were known, or at least, strongly suspected, like the three who had ridden past Beaver and Monty. But nothing could be proved against them, and in their rich appearance, they seemed to make good advertisements for the lawless life.

As for the leader himself, it was rumored that no one, not even his most trusted lieutenants, had ever seen his face. He was ever concealed behind a black bandana, with only slits for eyeholes. He was a man of mystery, and the very name "Black Bandana" brought a chill to many a heart.

NOONTIME came, and Monty met his pal for lunch in the Longhorn Cafe. As they cut into their thick steaks, Monty said, "Still feel like you did about joining up with the Black Bandana?"

"Just let me get a glimpse at that outlaw, and you'll see how I feel!" blustered Beaver.

"Well, I don't know how much truth there is to it," drawled Monty, "but there's a couple of tenderfeet in town claiming they saw a man wearing a black bandy about a mile east of Red Blood Gulch. Course, they were so plumb scared, they high-tailed into town without bothering to get the fellers calling card. Could be they only saw a shadow on a rock or something like that."

Beaver Jones' eyes lit up with excitement. "I bet it was the Black Bandana!" he cried. "He's probably lurking out there, rounding up recruits! He's probably going to get up an army and rob the U. S. Mint. And then the hombres that are with him will be richer than ever!"

"Maybe," said Monty.

"Well, I aim to go out and palaver with that hombre!" asserted Beaver. "Are you with me?"

"Nops," said Monty. "I try to avoid pole-cats when I can."

"Well, I'm on my way!" asserted Beaver. He left his half-eaten steak and rushed out the front door.

Monty took two more bites, then hastily exited via the back door.

BEAVER spurred his paint to a rise not far from Red Blood Gulch. He rose in his stirrups and shaded his eyes to look this way and that way over the wasteland. He nearly popped out of his saddle when a muffled voice said, "Looking for something? Or somebody?"

Beaver whirled and faced a horseman whose face was entirely hidden by an ebony kerchief.

"The Black Bandana" cried Beaver.

"Not Santa Claus, anyway," came back a chuckle, muffled by the cloth over the mouth.

"You're the hombre I'm looking for," said Beaver, after catching his breath. "How's for joining up with you?"

"Well, you might do." Through the eye-slits the masked man seemed to be sizing up Beaver. "How fast can you draw?"

"Faster than anybody in the territory, except maybe Monty Montana," declared Beaver.

"Show me!"

Beaver's hand flashed toward his holster. But before it was halfway there, he found himself face to face with a Colt.

A chuckle came from behind the black bandana. "Right fast, I'd say, only not as fast as me. I wouldn't want to be tied up with anybody that could outdraw me!"

The masked man holstered his Colt, much to Beaver's relief. "Reckon I could use you."

"Will you take me to your hide-out?" asked Beaver.

"Come along," was the response.

They rode side by side in silence for a short space. Then Beaver heard, "Got any money on you?"

"Most of my month's pay," responded Beaver. "It's not much. That's why I banker

to join up with you."

"It'll do. And your horse. It looks like a pretty good horse. Should be worth something. And your gun."

Beaver whirled to find himself once again facing the Colt.

"Get off!" was the muffled order!

Footsore, weary, disgusted and angry, Beaver hobbled into town. He was virtually barefooted for the rough terrain had worn through his soles. Miles ago he had taken off the high-heeled cow-puncher boots, finding that they were the least practical thing ever invented for hiking.

The first man he saw was Monty, loitering under the feed store awning, whittling. Monty raised his eyebrows, questioningly.

"Yeh, I found him," growled Beaver, as if a question had been asked. "I found the Black Bandana. But he double-crossed me. That side-winder stole my horse, my gun and my month's pay! You can't even trust a robber, these days!"

Sparks, the telegrapher, looked at Beaver with amazement. "You found the Black Bandana, you say?"

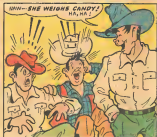
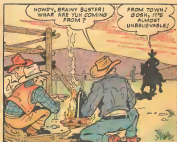
"Yeh," asserted Beaver. "But he got the drop on me."

"You must be mistaken," said Sparks. "I just got word that the Black Bandana and his men were all arrested holding up a stage-coach about 50 miles south of here. He's in jail. He's been in jail all day."

BEAVER gave Monty a searching look. Monty looked back, then chuckled. He took a black bandana from his pocket, slipped it over his face, then said, in muffled voice, "Here's your purse and gun, pal. And you'll find your horse in the stable. I just couldn't sit by and let you turn to a life of crime."

"Life of crime?" yelled Beaver. "I was aiming to get rich by collecting the reward on Black Bandana. I was going to join his gang, find the hide-out, then turn him over to the law. I never did intend to join up with him!"

THE END



Windy Whopper

"HEAVENS ABOVE!"

DO YUH MEAN YUH CAN SEE ALL THE WAY TUN HOLLYWOOD THROUGH THAT DANG'LED CONTRAPTION?

NOT HOLLYWOOD STARS, STUPID! I'M STUDYING THE STARS IN THE SKY AND THIS IS NO DANG'LED CONTRAPTION! IT'S A TELESCOPE! DON'T YUH KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ASTRONOMY?

I'M AFRAID I'VE NEVER MET THE HOMERS!

NO! NO! ASTRONOMY HAS TUN DO WITH THE HEAVENLY BODIES, SUCH AS THE SUN. FOR INSTANCE, DO YUH KNOW THAT THE SUN IS SO FAR AWAY, IT WOULD TAKE TWO THOUSAND YEARS FOR A LETTER TUN REACH THAT?

IF IT TAKES THAT LONG, WHY DON'T YUH SEND IT AIR MAIL?

I'M NOT SENDING ANYTHING TUN THE SUN. I'M ONLY GIVING YUH AN EXAMPLE! WHY, THE SUN'S SO HOT NOTHING CAN GET NEAR IT!

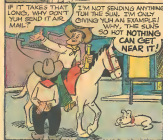
IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEY OUGHT TUN CALL MY UNCLE "SUN" TOO!

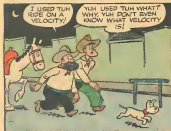
WHAT ARE YUH TALKING ABOUT--CALL YORE UNCLE "SUN"?

WHAT ARE YUH DOING, WINDY WHOPPER?

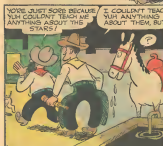
GENERAL STORE

I'M STUDYING THE HABITS OF THE STARS, RUSHY!











BILL BOYD
COWBOY HERO